

GOING FOR A WALK

I shake his collar and then call.
He hears his tags, runs down the hall
to meet me at the door.

Attach his collar and leash line
as his impatience makes him whine,
“What are we waiting for?”

I grab my cap and jacket, too,
take plastic bags for doggy-doo.
With that we’re almost set.

My cautious planning is the cause
that takes me to a moment’s pause
and other things to get.

For our defense I slip the Mace
into my pocket, just in case
we need it to stay safe.

Sunglasses, water, doggy treats
and we’re prepared to walk the streets.
My dawdling makes him chafe.

The cell phone’s worth is obvious
and we’ll take that along with us
should we have need to talk.

He’s near beside himself, I see,
but then he huffs, forgiving me
when we begin our walk.

by Lee Netzler